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# The Daily Tar Heel

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#### **About Those Infirmary Ballots**

A "Bill to Abolish Infirmary Ballots" was passed by the Student Legislature in its Thursday night session after a heated discussion. In essence, it relieved the Elections Board of its responsibility of seeing that all students in the Infirmary at the time of elections receive ballots. Under the new law, the Infirmary patients can exercise their right to vote only by obtaining an absentee ballot "through the services of their friends." In other words, the Elections Board will no longer be charged with the responsibility of distributing ballots to the Infirmary, and the students therein may vote only by calling up a friend, getting him to obtain an absentee ballot from the Elections Board, having him give it to a nurse over at the Infirmary, having the nurse deliver the ballot to the patient, marking the ballot, and either returning the ballot to the nurse to return to the friend or else tossing it out the window to the loyal friend below who then takes the ballot to the polls. Simple process, no?

The idea behind the new ruling is one of causing the Infirmary staff and Elections Board less work, since the former "has little time to deliver ballots to each patient," and the latter "now has a task complex enough to consume all its energies and thoughts."

Might Not Make Job Easier

Actually, if all the sick students decide to vote both Infirmary staff and Elections Board would have a task about ten times as difficult as under the old law. Imagine the confusion which would result if dozens of "friends" besieged the Elec-

tions Board chairman on his busiest day of the year, all seeking absentee ballots for their ailing pals. And then the nurses conceivably could be driven half-mad with students requesting them to deliver ballots to their friends sick in bed upstairs. It could develop into a big mess if enough interest were manifested in the campaign to arouse the Infirmary patients into exercising their right to vote.

Al Winn, champion of the bill and an experienced man in the matter of conducting elections, however, argues with reason that the aforementioned situation probably would never develop. He points out only about a third of the students vote in the elections normally, and the percentage would be even smaller among Infirmary-confined students who already have enough worries on their hands.

Winn and proponents of the bill also make an analogy to our national elections, in which various complicated regulations tend to discourage absentee balloting. Certainly polling places are not set up in hospitals for the convenience of the patients.

Both sides have their arguments, and the bill as passed certainly has its weaknesses. The main argument in its favor seemed to be that it was the best possible under the circumstances, since changes in the election laws have to be made within 30 days of the elections, and Thursday night's session of the legislature was the last before that deadline.

Big Vote Should Be Our Goal

The Daily Tar Heel, however, goes on record as expressing its disfavor of the law because if anything it discourages the Infirmary students from voting and, secondly, pre-supposes the vote will be light. The bill also was worded rather peculiarly.

A few of the 'whereas' statements alone should have been enough to defeat it. The bill states "nurses and doctors. . . have little time to deliver ballots to each patient," so "students confined to the Infirmary, may through the services of their friends, procure absentee ballots." But "students are not allowed to visit students confined in the Infirmary."

Clearly, then, all these friends can do is to deliver the ballots to a nurse or doctor, who ultimately must deliver the ballots because of the ruling prohibiting visitors to the patient. But the "nurses and doctors have little time" for this duty. Unless the bill pre-supposes a light vote, it defeats its own purpose of making less work for all concerned. A bill based on such supposition is fundamentally unsound. While the statement that only a small percentage of students vote in the elections probably will always hold true, each student government leader should have as his goal an increase in the number of students voting. If this be our goal, we have no place on our books for laws which discourage voting and assume the vote always will be light.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BEHALF OF BRITAIN

Editor: A sense noblesse oblige requires that I say something on behalf of badly battered Britain. Comments in your paper have gone so far as to state that the country has nothing worth exporting. Dash it all, old prune, as long as jolly old England can afford to export tasty morsels like myself surely we look. forward to expanding markets. We (us Limey blokes, that is) are content that our chief item of export shall not be diminished, and of course I refer to snobbishness. Critics may say we are neither falling in line with Russia or America. Per-

friends, might I not beseech you to kindly allow us to play our loan hand? From your past experience, you can teach us how to be prosperous though broke, and I assure you that any suggestions I shall transmit my dear old palsy-walsy, the Rt. Hon. Hector McNeil. (Remember the night, Hector, when you and I kidnapped a Cabinet Minister?)

We refuse to realize that the Golden Sleep (translate Big Drink) is now over, but surely this affacts you as much as us, for if we step out of the scene, what on earth is going to happen to your history? We were indeed loath to see the pound haps we are troublesome cads, go kaput, for this caught us but to you sincere American with us pence dawn, and this

### This 'n That Tale Of Woe

By Bill Buchan

Sunday afternoon, I found a note on my room door from my friend Katie of Raleigh,-Wilbur Amberson's girl friend-or I should say, his former girl

Anyway, Katie wrote me "Billyboy, rush it on up to Aggie's. I must needs have a talk with you." When a woman with a figure-shape, or anything else you want to call itlike Katie, sends for me, brother I show up, and up to Aggie's I

When I got there, she was sitting near the back in one of those plush leather seats drinking a cup of coffee and giving five or six of the waiters a glad eye. When she saw me coming, she waved them away with a "push on, kids, your sweetiepie's loverboy is here." This routine, of course, didn't surprise me, cause Katie had performed that act in my room last year and I knew that is was just a line. Besides, everytime I ever go near Raleigh, I hear more about it.

So I sit myself down opposite her and give her a roughtumble look. "What's up, blondie?" I asked and with that, she breaks into a bucket full of tears. Now, I ain't used to seeing women cry-unless they're crying over me-(and I still ain't used to it)-so I gives her another square look and repeat my question, "What's up, frizzle

"Wilbur-the bum-has thrown me over. "She wailed, he's given me up. He told me to take a airplane to China and not to wait for a slow boat."

"Whats the matter with him?" I asked. "Last time I saw him, he was heading for Raleigh, and you and he were going to Dook for their tilt with the

"Yeah, we went to Durham all right, but I might as well have stayed in my bed. He didn't even so much as look at me. It's all that dammed roommate of mine at the house."

Figuring that there was more coming, I didn't say anything, just kept listening.

"That Mabel, she went and took him away from me. I was fool enough to take her along with us and that jerk Amberson hasn't seen me yet," she

Now, Katie is a pretty terrific little number. As I said, she's got a figure that, as far as I know, has never been equalled, she lives in a swell house in Raleigh, she's got terrific genuine blonde hair and she's got personality that ain't been used yet. So I was instantly curious as to the particular of this gal, Mabel.

"What's so terrific about

Mabel," I asked. "Nothing. Not a dern thing. She's just got fiery red hair, a 38-inch bust that doesn't need a true-false test to prove it's existence, a pair of eyes that can slay any normal man, and a figure that makes every thing else look silly."

"Wouldn't look silly to me." I replied. "That baby has got everything."

"She's got my Wilbur."

"Katie," I said, "I'll appoint my self a committee of one to go and find Mabel and send Wilbur back to you. Then I'll

"Katie threw a cup of cofiee on me (she has quite a temper). kicked me in the shins and screamed, "Oh no, you're not going near that woman. I've got to have a date for the Duke game, and I'm not going to lose you. Wilbur won't come back. You're sticking with me .- and I'll just pretend you're him."

I started to leave, and she I listed, how about looking me must ever be a most ambarrass-

become 'obstinate old fools.' Raoul C. Mitchell Still Life in the United States . . . by a Master Artist



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-Dear Mom-

# Confessions Of A Rushee

I've often read how press gangs used to shanghai sailors to serve on sailing ships. I thought these days were over, but after going through frateriity rush week here at Carolina I'm not so sure. I dropped by the Mu Mu house

on Monday. We fraternized a while, making with the usual small talk, drinking sour punch, and machine stale cookies. That

in a hillbilly band, which had put the grand in front of the coats and stuck the "musicians" racket since the V-J night cele-

I wanted to leave but it was raining, so I asked one of the brothers if I could get my coat. He stuck his face in my ear-it was a damn tight fit, too-and shouted that he couldn't hear me. Other fellows tried to leave, but they got the same runaround.

The music ended at 9:30, along with night's legal rushing. We rushees were burned up. Earlier I'd noticed a longnosed guy with hat-over-eyes peeking in a window. A Mu told me that the character was an IFC checking up to see that the rushing was kept

Tuesday night I went to the Rho Psi house. After the usual hand-shaking routine, one of the Rhoers suggested that we look over the house. We followed the brothers down into a smokefilled basement room. I heard odd whirring and clinking noises as we entered the room. My plates nearly dropped out when I saw an array of gambling machines which would have

up so I can see her. I won't be able to leave Katie, though, cause she's gonna have me hand-

Maybe you other gals had better do that too.

#### Some Snake!

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. - (AP) tackled me right in the aisle. The diamondback rattler is good so I sat back down again. It for something after all-around looks like I have a date for the \$100 each when the manufac-Duke game, but if anyone sees turers get done with him. Here a red head, with the proportions is the way one good-sized rattler is broken down, according to dealer lists: Canned meat, \$2.50 for a five-

ounce can, retail; \$24 (Florida Yes, we are such obstinate Game and Fresh Water Fish Comold fools, aren't we? In such mission says the delicacy is gainterms does a child refer to its ing in popularity); leather from grandparents. Perhaps grand- tanned skin; \$20; vertebra (for mother is of little use about the making souvenirs); \$30; headhome, but she lends a grace, a bones, rattlers and fangs: 1.75; charm, and a stabilizing influ- anti-venom (made from the ence that the children can never snake's venom): \$4; snake-oil for hope to simulate until-they too medicinal purposes: \$6; and a more highly refined product used as a leather dressing: \$12;

done justice to Monte Carlo. Each rushee was issued \$5 in

nickels, dimes, and quarters and was told to join in. I was afraid to play at first (I thought I'd just keep the money). But the through the casement into the other rushees seemed to be doing okay, so I joined in. I played but my wind was better than roulette and bingo, shot crap, theirs and I soon outdistanced and fed the slot machines. Ev- them. Five minutes and over a ery time I started to leave, a mile later, I arrived at the Rho brother grabbed me and either Psi place and told the fellows air admirals are indignant! introduced me to other people that I'd decided to go Rho. But, about 8:30 they brought So I didn't get away till 10, but my bid tomorrow. Rushing was I didn't mind cause I cleared great fun, but it sure was pea piano, and pianist, too. They \$4.65. Those fellows are okay. The Nu Nu Psi frat was my closet in which they'd put our target on Wednesday. I met everybody, saw the house, and around it. Then the rubes cut then started to leave. The Nus loose. I hadn't heard such a couldn't find my coat, but suggested that I wait back in the game room while they looked for it. I went to the room and found a game in progress-with

> Other rushees who couldn't find their coats kept wandering in. Soon there were four games going strong. A Nu Nu always dealt. And did he lose. We freshmen must have made three or four bucks apiece. The dealers ran out of chips about 11, so we quit. Everyone agreed that the Nu Nus are nice guys, but that

chips a nickel apiece. Being of

a sporting nature, I joined in.

they sure don't know how to play poker. The phone rang as we were going out. A Nu Nu brother answered and after talking a moment, started motioning frantically to his brothers. His face got green, his knees started knocking and buckling, so another Nu grabbed the phone. I

overheard him. "This news is new to me," the Nu said. "I knew nothing about this nuisance. No, we haven't been bribing them either. Come on around and see for yourself."

Little groups of Nus began to gather after he hung up the phone and talk in anxious, excited tones. Phrases like "we'll have to cover up" or "we'll have to put up drapes so they can't see in," or "who could have ratted on us?" made me wonder.

I got real mad Thursday night at the Psi Eta house. I weathered the introduction routine and then heard a faculty member speak on the virtues of fraternity life. Next I saw a dull picture on Psi Eta parties. Some of us sneaked out on the porch back. during the movie, but water was pouring off the eaves, so we came back.

While the film reels were being changed, I overheard two Psi Etes chuckling about how they'd called up other frats and had scared the daylights out of them by accusing them of dirty

There wasn't any more rushing until earlier tonight (Sunday). I dropped by the Psi Ete

house for a final visit. They got me out. About 9:20 one of the fellows opened a window to let out the smoke. I took advantage of this opportunity to leap yard. The brothers followed me

Your loving son, Filbert Emerson

### Best Letter

Each week Chesterfield cigarette's campus representatives are presenting a carton of Chesterfields to the student on campus who writes the best "Letter to the Editor" of the week to the Daily Tar Heel. The winner will be announced every Tuesday, and may drop by the DTH offices in Graham Memorial and pick up his carton of cigarettes.

The best letter last week, as judged by the Daily Tar Heel editorial staff, is the following, written jointly by seven students. Just how they will divide the carton of Chesterfields is their problem. Congratulations!

We, leaders of religious groups on this campus, believe that God does not have any favorites. We feel that His love does not recognize the distinction of race, nationality, or color, and that we, children of God, must recognize, our common humanity, Therefore, we feel that segregation because of race, nationality, and color in all walks of life is contrary to God's mo-

We agree with the statement in your editorial "Should Segregation Go?" that traditions can not be ended overnight. It is our belief that the ending of segregation in graduate education is the next step. This approach has proved constructive in the Universities of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Maryland, and Kentucky. That Negro students would be welcomed in our graduate schools is indicated by the poll of graduate students published in the Tar Heel in the Spring of 1948 showing that a large majority of these students were in favor of such a move.

The moral responsibility for leadership in this matter rests upon the students, faculty, administration, and trustees of this university.

> Edlyn W. Freerks Samuel H. Magill John W. Poust Allan Milledge Tom Donnelly Jay Joseph Joe Beasley



# DREW PEARSON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON-It's easy to understand why the air admirals are boiling mad at unification. To some extent you have to sympathize with them.

What they can't forget is that for years the Navy's airmen had to fight the battleship admirals and now, just as the airplane carrier has come into its own, they find themselves stymied by unification.

The admirals who put up this long running-fight with the oldfashinoned battleship admirals include such brilliant officers as Gerald Bogan, Arthur Radford, L. T. Sprague and Jack Towers, now retired. Thirty years ago, just out of Annapolis, they went into the relatively new Naval aviation as fliers and worked up to the top. They were convinced that the future of the Navy lay in the air. They had the courage to believe this even at a time when most of the admirals swore that nothing could ever sink a battleship.

During the recent campaign in the Pacific, Admiral Sprague had the experience of commanding Carrier Squadron 22 with several other higher ranking admirals taking orders from him. Because operating carriers in battle formation, with their network of protecting airplanes and destroyers, is such a skilled job, Sprague, a junior, was in command. When the squadron put into Pearl Harbor or any other base, the senior admirals, mation, then took over.

With the war over and the battleship being laid up in mothballs, Naval aviation at long last appeared about to achieve full recognition. Whereupon Congress passed the Unification Act, and with it, the chief air responsibility went to the Air Force. No wonder the

The full story of the Navy's or plied me with food and drink. So now I'm ready to pick up airplane carriers was one of the most heroic of the war, and the heroism was even greater because of a serious defect discovered in the carriers after the Navy had built most of them.

> This defect-like most of the Navy's trouble-was due to faulty engineering and bad planning. Airplane-carrier designers had failed to take into consideration the possibility that decks were vulnerable and '

that suicide Jap fighter planes dived for the deck of carrier ma Canal to the Atlantic coast ed this suspicion. for repairs. The West Coast Undoubtedly it was this inyards were too full.

route back to the U.S. for re- cation.

Note of a dove

Equality High mountain

antelope

15. Edge 16. Nine: comb.

Falls short Behalf Shrub

armadillo

Grating

Crossword Puzzle

32 Operates 33 Singing bird 35 Orb of day 36 Adhesion 39 New England

42. Pronoun 43. Piercing tool 44. Opening 46. Turn to the

French river Statute

57. Spenser

58. Thickness 59. College songs

character

48. French riv 52. Statute 55. Wing 56. Nine-part

pairs or en route to battle after being repaired. The shipyards at Pearl Harbor were full. The West Coast yards were at capacity, and the East coast yards had to handle the overflowdespite the extra time necessary to carry the limping vessels through the Panama Canal.

Thus one Jap suicide plane could put a carrier out of commission for four to six months.

The British, foreseeing this, equipped their carriers with armored decks. Toward the end of the war, new American carriers were also built with armored decks. But it took a long time for the Navy to wake up to its mistake.

Experience in the Pacific proved that carriers were at their peak effectiveness in making surprise raids on the enemy. If carriers had to stap in one place, as at Okinawa, they suffered unmercifully. But if they could sneak up on the Japanese mainland under cover of night, make their attack at dawn, and then retreat, their losses were much less.

It was the Battle of Leyte, where carriers also played an important part, which convinced many Navy men that unification was necessary.

The command in the Battle of Leyte was divided as follows. General MacArthur commanded not only the Army but the Western Fleet under Adm. Tom Kincaid. It was Kincaid's job untrained in carrier battle for- to protect the landing of Mac-Arthur's troops. The rest of the fleet was under Admiral Nimitz who had delegated the immediate command to Admiral Halsey

Halsey was supposed to keep Kincaid advised at all times of his movements, but not take orders from him. During the course of the battle, Halsey advised Admiral Kincaid that a squadron of Jap Vesels were coming toward the Philippines from the North, and at X-time he would break away from the major battle and give chase

When the appropriate time arrived, Admiral Halsey picked up his fleet telephone and told his commanders that X-time had arrived and to carry out their orders, previously received. His part of the fleet thereupon sailed off to the North. The battleships went with him.

However, Halsey's fleet telethat once the deck of a carrier, phone did not have the range was torn up, no plane could to reach a part of his fleet. This part, cosisting of smaller ves-The Japs, however, soon dis-sels, remained along the Philipcovered this. The result was pine coast virtually unprotected.

It was suspected a few days later that the Japanese attack after carrier with deadly casu- from the North was actually a alties. Entirely aside from the feint in order to draw Halsey tragic loss of life, so many car- away from the major part of riers were put out of commis-> the Battle of Leyte; and aftersion that they had to be sent ward, information captured from all the way through the Pana- Japanese admirals substantiat-

cident that caused Halsey to At one time during the Battles tell the Richardson Board in of Okinawa, virtually all of the the late summer of 1945 that Navy's carriers were either en he favored Army-Navy Unifi-

#### RAPTOLEGICON EGER VOL DOME POPULATE ENOW ASE RIVAL AIM LAR DOITS IRE EGISONEOMANOA CANALSBRECENT GIE TED SOLOBABENAKIS NAGS

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle 4. Smooth and DOWN 5. Own: Scotch

6. Tavern

English letter 8. Babylonian abode of the dead 9. Kind of game 10. Biolical priest 11. Rodents 21. Viper
23. The Four
Hundred
24 Sait water
25. Small weight 26. Fury 28. Finial of a 30 Channel marker 31. An English Beverage Stone truit Chance

50. Compass point 51. Female sandpiper 53. Literary fragments Method

**NOVEMBER 8**